



# Lost



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## Chapter 1 by RunningOwl13

I was just old enough to talk. Old enough to utter a single word. Help. But nobody helped. My young voice was nowhere near loud enough to hear over the raging fire of the burning house. Somehow, I survived. But not all of me did. My legs were too burnt, too charred to rescue. This experience haunted me for the rest of my life.

## Chapter 2 by Steph Curry



That was when I was 2. I'm older, more mature now. I've learned to accept that life is not fair.

Life was not fair when it killed both of my parents.

Life was not fair when I couldn't afford prosthetics.

Life is not fair that I'm left here, living in a homeless shelter, in an old crabby wheelchair.

I get nightmares. They go back to the night I lost everything. In my dreams I can see my parents. They're on the other side of the fire. I try running towards them, but the fire engulfs my legs.

"Help! Help!", I yell in my dream. "I help!" I reach the clearing, but my parents are no longer there. I wake up, sweating.

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"Help", "help", "help". The s

In some cases, "help" is not enough.

## Chapter 3 by Brett Rath



In this shelter, everything runs like clockwork. You have to be up at 6:30 every single morning, otherwise you will be punished. So when I wake up, it is always at the alarm. But today is different. I have woken up at 6:28. Then I know that today will be revolutionary.

I go to breakfast in my creaky wheelchair and slowly eat my gruel, which is just cold oats with dirty water. I always sit alone, but today one of the other kids join me. That is another clue that today is going to be different. Then there is a booming knock on the door. Everyone stares, except for the poor girl with a broken neck. I can relate to her because she is bullied too. Then a woman dressed in a suit comes in. She demands to see the master. We all point to the glass windows that overlook the dining area.

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\*He has the chance to walk again with a new technology.

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